

WILLI JONES





GEFFEN

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2 DESSIE MAE'S LAST WORDS

3 LOVE ME UP

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LIVIN' ON CHANGE

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13 SANTA ANA

Produced by Niko Bolas

*Produced by C. Roscoe Beck
and Niko Bolas

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Produced by Niko Bolas
*Produced by C. Roscoe Beck
and Niko Bolas

HEY HEY

(Willi Jones/Parker Coleman/Roger Greenawalt)

Falling out of love, we knew we took our chances
And I guess I could've called if I thought I had the answers
But taking control has always been a problem
So the rose was torn out from the wall and lay fallen

Chorus:

Hey Hey Hey Hey, there's something I gotta say
Hey Hey Hey Hey, I really gotta get away
Hey Hey Hey Hey, something I gotta say
Hey Hey Hey Hey

Somewhere in the night I dreamt that you were lonely
So I sat down by your side and I held you so closely
Then you began to cry and there was nothing I could do
Then I awoke and suddenly realized what you had been through

Chorus

No use in turning around, your pain will just bring you down
No use in turning around, you'll either burn or you'll drown

Shooting in the dark we talked until the morning
Then something that you said took me without warning
Then you began to nail the cross to bear my name
So that I just might rise again for you to blame

Chorus

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Vocals: wj
Guitars: Waddy Wachtel, Andy Hardin
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Percussion: Paulinho da Costa
Arranged by wj & Roger Greenawalt

DESSIE MAE'S LAST WORDS

(Willi Jones/Craig Taylor/Roger Greenawalt)

There's a little black scuff on the bedroom wall
The stretcher wheel nicked it when it turned down the hall
Carrying Dessie Mae to her final call
I had to lean way over, it was barely a sigh
And she squeezed my hand as she kissed me goodbye
She said all you gotta do, little girl, is hope and try

Half Chorus:

(Dessie Mae's) Just like it was yesterday
(Dessie Mae's) I remember what she had to say
(Dessie Mae's last words)

Twenty years later I'm tired and broke
The land of opportunity, what a joke
Opportunity be led like a pig in a poke
Big business has the country in the palm of its hand
Some folks say "Forget it, let's move back to the land"
I heard about a man shootin' strangers in a hamburger stand

Chorus

(Dessie Mae's) Just like it was yesterday
(Dessie Mae's) I remember what she had to say
(Dessie Mae's Last Words)
(Dessie Mae's) Try to hope and hope to try
(Dessie Mae's) I'll remember that until the day I die
(Dessie Mae's Last Words)
Sometimes I don't understand it, but I try
Try to hope and hope to try

Well I know the truth when I stumble upon it
You gotta grab it by the throat, you gotta latch on it
You gotta carry it to your final day undaunted
I had to lean way over, it was barely a sigh
And she squeezed my hand as she kissed me goodbye
She said "All you gotta do, little girl, is hope and try"

Chorus

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Vocals: wj
Guitars: Waddy Wachtel, Bernie Leadon,
Andy Hardin, Danny Harvey
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Organ: Scott Thurston
Percussion: Paulinho da Costa
Arranged by wj, Roger Greenawalt & Bob Glaub

LOVE ME UP

(Willi Jones/Parker Coleman/Roger Greenawalt)

Love letter lying on the bed
I'm not sure what it said
It's just another line from you
You tell me that your heart is shaking
You tell me that you're out of control
You're telling me a lot of nothing about you

Why you keep on layin' out for all of these days?
Walk right up, let's have a face to face

Chorus:

(Yeah Yeah Yeah) You've got to love me up
(Yeah Yeah Yeah) So try to get your courage up
(Yeah Yeah Yeah) boy you better knock it off
(Yeah Yeah Yeah)

Another hidden note
Another word that you wrote
It's just another message from you
Well if your mind is breaking
And if you've lost your soul
Honey, I'm an ambulance, let me come and save you

Why you keep on teasing me and staying away?
How come you want to go and do me that way?

Chorus

Why you keep on holding back and hiding all day?
That just ain't the game I'm gonna play

Chorus

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Vocals: wj
Guitars: Waddy Wachtel, Danny Harvey
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Organ: Scott Thurston
Arranged by Roger Greenawalt, Bob Glaub & wj

CAGES AND WALLS*

(Willie Jones/Parker Coleman)

Damn these cursed eyes that kept me up all night again
With a pain down inside but without a reason why
And damn this cursed mind that keeps me feeling that I am alone
When I'm lying by your side but especially when you're gone

Chorus:
Cages and Walls (all I've found)
Cages and Walls (tear me down)
Cages and Walls (down, down)
Cages and Walls (down, down)

Damn these cursed arms that want so bad to wrap around you
And pull you so close to me, and let you know how much I want you

Chorus

Sometimes I feel that I am on a boat drifting farther from my home
But Goddamn the thing that keeps me satisfied with being alone

Damn this foolish pride that always keeps me bound to misery
When I'm calling out inside but knowing you can't help me

Chorus

©1990 *Trucky Boy Music/Ern Music ASCAP*
Vocals: wj
Guitars: Jeff Pevar, Andy Hardin

Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Piano: Warren Bernhardt
Synthesizer: Greg Magnifico, Larry Steelman
Percussion: Lenny Castro
Arranged by Stephen Barber and C. Roscoe Beck

NO PASSION

(Brad Closserman/Paul Turco)

Feet upon the table, half full bottle for the night
Staring at a blank TV, waiting for the morning light
Thinkin' bout my lover last night
Thinkin' bout my lover last night
Wondering what he might've said if I'd spent the night

Chorus:
No passion
No action
No passion
Satisfaction

I can't stand the sound of lonely, bitter coffee flavored by his tears
I can't take his swollen passion, years of love dammed up inside him
He says I'm special, I don't believe him
So I'll hold this bottle 'til the tide recedes

Chorus

Feet upon the table, bottle's down near dead
I keep thinkin' 'bout the things that he never said
Ghosts are gone and daylight's here, I'll just go to bed thinkin'...
Thinkin' 'bout my lover last night
Thinkin' 'bout my lover

Chorus

©1989 *Lonely Pilgrim Music BMI*
Vocals: wj, Paul Turco, Stokes Hagg & Tommy Rhett
Guitars: Andy Hardin, Bernie Leadon, Roger Greenawalt
Banjo: Bernie Leadon
6-String Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Fiddle: Joel Deroquin

WHERE MY CITY STOOD

(John Glover)

I see people on the corner
I see people on the street
Asking last minute questions to the cop down on the beat
What lies ahead?
Will we end up alive or dead?
Where do we go from here?
They say get out while the sky's still clear

Chorus:
But yesterday where my city stood is now twisted steel and broken wood
And I can hear the gentle breeze blowin' through the fallen trees

You come and rape my land, swept away like a giant hand
Farm land, timberland, hotel on the beach
No discrimination, whatever you could reach

Some of you are homeless
Some unlucky ones were killed
But those who remain will relive the pain
And eventually rebuild

Chorus

©1990 *Eagle Sky Music ASCAP*
Vocals: wj & John Glover
Guitar: John Glover

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

(Willie Jones)

Below the line us girls got somethin' fine
We call that Southern Hospitality
You think we're blind, ya'll, behind the times because we talk so slow
But you don't know what we all know
Our men are strong, they're never wrong
And we're just as soft as a summery breeze
But the Law of the Land rests in our little hands
We call that Southern Hospitality
(Kindly... rock it)

Chorus:
Southern Hospitality

Chivalry is the way it oughtta be
Southern Hospitality
And subtlety is a lady's key, you know, a gentle smile
While bullets fly from big blue eyes
Women fawn but all along
Beware should they dare disagree
It's then that those flowers tap into their powers
We call that Southern Hospitality

In Charleston, Hotlanta, down in Shreveport

Chorus

© 1990 *Trucky Boy Music ASCAP*
Vocals: wj, Paul Turco & The A&M Humrunners
Guitars: Danny Harvey, Andy Hardin
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Piano: Scott Thurston
Harmonica: Stanley Behrends
Percussion: Paulinho da Costa
Arranged by wj, Roger Greenawalt & Bob Glaub

SO LONG, MARY JANE*

(Clifford Lane/E. K. with Willi Jones/Roger Greenawalt)

Lazy in the land of Mary Jane
That's where we leave you again and again
Lazy among the dandelions, she's sleeping
In the hands of time, forever again

Chorus:
So Long Mary Jane, you're not part of our crowd

In a city of boxes it's easy to lay the blame
On Mary Jane, again and again
If a city of trees, more and more of the same
For my Mary Jane, forever again and again and again...

Leavin' Mary Jane alone in the field again
Leavin' Mary Jane alone again

Chorus
So long, Mary Jane, you're not part of our crowd anymore

I hear her call my name
I have to turn away

Leavin' Mary Jane alone in the field again
Leavin' Mary Jane alone in the rain

Chorus

©1990 *Poet Tribe Music/Solar Power Publishing/Trucky Boy Music/Woman in Y Music ASCAP*
Vocals: wj & The Pezman
Guitars: Eric Johnson, Jeff Pevar
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Synthesizer: Greg Magnifico, Larry Steelman
Clarinet and Alto Sax: Rob Lockhart
Cello: Larry Corbett
Percussion: Lenny Castro
Arranged by C. Roscoe Beck and Stephen Barber
with Clifford Lane

LONG LEGGED GODDESS

(Willie Dixon/Willie Jones/David Batteau/Darrell Brown)

(Willie) I'd tip my hat for that long legged goddess
Much more than that for that long legged goddess
Cry like a cat for that long legged goddess
I'd break my back on that fine long legged goddess

(Willie) I seen that thing you call the long legged goddess
This ain't no lie when I say that she ain't got it
Sugar's sweeter when it comes in tin doses
My legs ain't long but my lips taste like a rose does

(Willie) You think you got it?
(Willi) I know I got it!
You think you got it?
(Willie) Doggone right I got it!
(Willie) She ain't hardly burnin' my desire
(Willi) Well I see smoke and I know that means there's fire
(Willie) Now Honey, you ain't callin' me no liar...
(Willi) Well she's walkin' and your eyes are rollin' round
just like a tire
Rollin' by her
(Willie) You think you got it?
(Willi) M-mmmm H-mmmm
(Willie) I don't believe you
(Willi) Looky here... hey big boy!
(Willie) Whatchu hollerin' at that guy for?
(Willi) Frankly, I think he's got it
(Willie) If he's got it, I've got it, too!
I'm tellin' you baby how I feel
(Willi) Just go and tell me what is real
(Willie) I don't think that little girl is hot
(Willi) Well sugar, come on over here and show me what you got
(Willie) Forget that cat, I'll be your slave
(Willi) And I will love ya until my dyin' day
(Willie) The way she walks don't mean a thing to me
(Willie & Willi) And we can love until eternity...
(Willie & Willi) Makin' love until eternity...

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Geffen Music/Darrell Brown Music/David Batteau Music ASCAP
Vocals: Willie Dixon & wj
Guitars: Waddy Wachtel, Andy Hardin
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell, Steve Jordan
Tambourine: Willie Dixon
Harmonica: Stanley Behrens
Arranged by Darrell Brown, Bob Glaub & wj

AIN'T IT A SHAME

(Roger Greenawalt)

On the day I was born I started to die
So I asked my Mama but she didn't know why
When she was gone it all became clear
We're only guests and visitors here

Well I met my true love in the palm of another hand
I told him my feelings but he didn't understand
Well I caught on fire, but he thought it was a joke
My love broke out laughin' and my heart went up in smoke

Chorus:
Ain't it a shame, ain't it a shame
True lovers cry and love dies in vain

Now we all like to worry though we'll never know
On our dyin' day where will we go?
Will there be angels swingin' from the trees?
And will my true love be waitin' there for me?

Chorus

Hear me now, Lord, if I'm not dead
Who are these voices singin' in my head?
They tell me to be strong and live with the pain
But I can't go on 'cause love died in vain

Chorus

© 1990 Woman in Y Music ASCAP
Vocals: wj
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Piano: Richard Tee
Tambourine: Willie Dixon
Harmonica: Stanley Behrens

LIVIN' ON CHANGE

(Willi Jones/Parker Coleman)

She's the kind of woman that's strange
Makin' her livin' in change
Put a quarter in the slot
Let her tell you just what you want

Is she drivin' you crazy? Is she drivin' you crazy?
Is she drivin' you crazy?!?!?

Workin' real hard in a little room with the AC goin' and the TV, too
Make about three hundred dollars a day
Man those quarters sure go a long way
Put a quarter in...she will make you scream

Chorus:
Livin' on change, Livin' on change

Put another line on the phone
Writin' her a letter to home
Talkin' real dirty all the while
Damn that girl's got style

Is she drivin' you crazy? Is she drivin' you crazy?
Is she drivin' you crazy?!?!?

Workin' her way through dental school, talkin' real hot but her mind is cool
Make about three hundred dollars a day
Man those quarters sure go a long way
Put a quarter in...she will make you scream

Chorus

Thessolini, Messolini, Oowahdowii
Talkin' in a rhythm make you sure want to die
Make about three hundred dollars a day
Man those quarters sure go a long way
Put a quarter in, she will make you scream away...

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Vocals: wj, Parker Coleman, Darrell Brown & Paul Turco
Guitars: Danny Harvey, Andy Hardin
Bass: Bob Glaub
Drums: Chad Cromwell
Harmonica: Stanley Behrens

SOLO DEL GORDO

(G. Retsina)

© 1990 Trucky Boy Music ASCAP
Attitude and Countenance: Gordo "Trevor" Retsina

SANTA ANA

(Willi Jones)

Something in the wind is driving all the horses crazy
Torches cross the sky scorching until the wood surrenders
Hungry for the fire, begging for the lick of the flame

Chorus:
Devil wind blowing in
Devil wind burning in Santa Ana

You are in the wind calling me without a sound
Silent as the dark, hearing you I fall to the sky

Chorus

Chorus

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Vocals: wj & J.D. Souther
Piano: wj
Violin: Joel Derouin
Laud: Roland Alvarez

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Additional Engineering: Steven Strassman and Ed Goodreau
Assistant Engineers: Paul Logan, Greg Goldman
and Leslie Ann Jones
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Assisted by Alan Yoshida and Ron Lewter
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Gary Hobbs and Russell Rieger
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THIS ALBUM IS DEDICATED TO MY FATHER.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL O. JONES, JR.

He commands the celestial sea,

full sail in his ship of clouds.

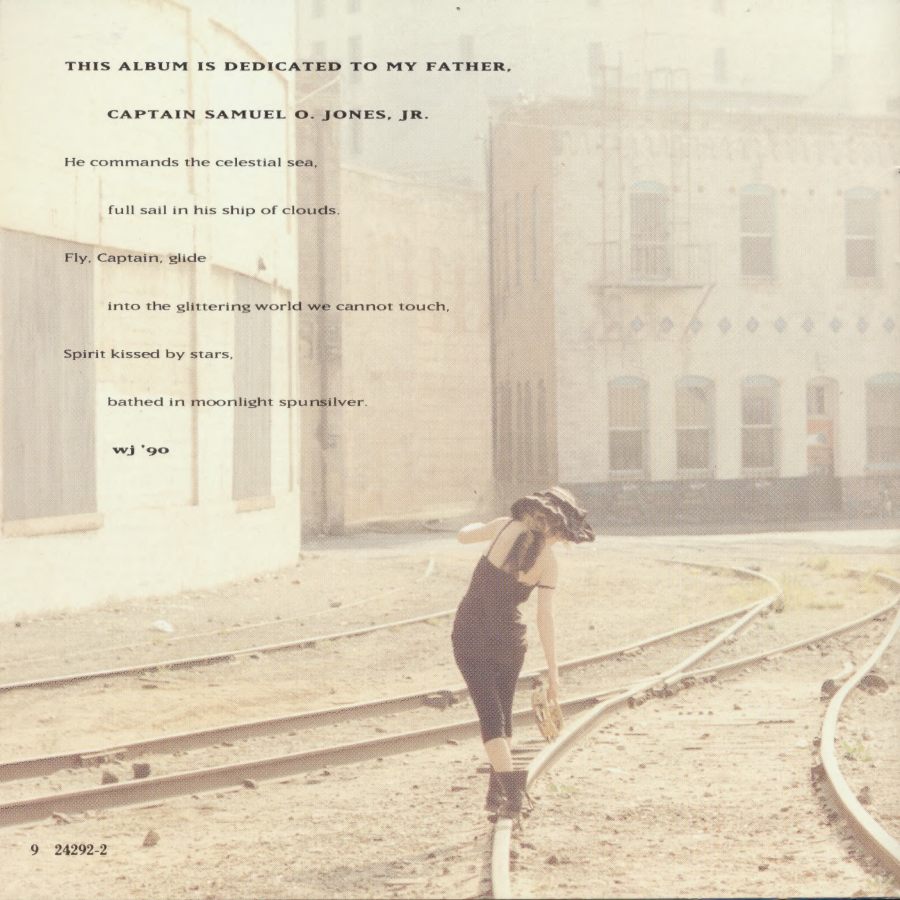
Fly, Captain, glide

into the glittering world we cannot touch,

Spirit kissed by stars,

bathed in moonlight spunsilver.

wj '90




PROMOTIONAL

WILLI JONES

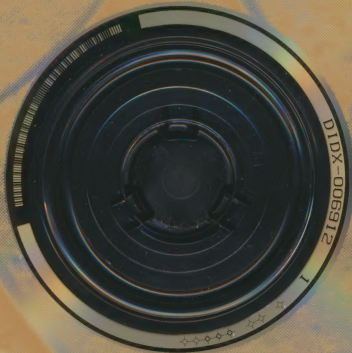


COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

GEFFEN

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